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192

SKETCHES
OF
DESCRIPTION:

TAKEN
ON SAILING FROM NEWPORT,

IN THE
ISLE OF WIGHT,

TO
LYMINGTON;

WITH A RETURN BY
SOUTHAMPTON TO COWES.

MARKING THE VARIOUS OBJECTS ON EITHER SHORE,
WITH INTERSPERSIONS OF COLOURING
AND SENTIMENT.

ADSTUPET IPSA SIBI.

Newport, Isle of Wight:

PRINTED BY J. ALBIN.

SOLD BY THE MISS WISES', MR. STURCH, AND MR.
THOMAS ALBIN, BOOKSELLERS, NEWPORT;
MR. BAKER, SOUTHAMPTON; AND
MR. JONES, LYMINGTON.

MDCCXCII.

A
 OF
 DESCRIPTION
 THE
 ON SAILING FROM NEWPORT
 1844 OF WYOMING
 LYNNINGTON



TO COME
 THE VARIOUS OBJECTS ON EITHER SHORE
 WITH INTERESTING OF COLOURING
 AND SCENIC

NEWPORT 1844

PRINTED BY J. ALBIN

SOLD BY THE MISS WISES, MISS STURCH, AND MR.
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 MR. DARR, SOUTHAMPTON, AND
 MR. JONES, LYNNINGTON.

WYOMING

TO
GEORGE M·KENZIE MACAULAY, Esq.
A NATIVE OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT,
AND EDUCATED
IN ONE OF HER PUREST SEMINARIES,
NOW AN
ALDERMAN AND MERCHANT
OF THE
CITY OF LONDON,
AND TO
THE VIRTUES AND HONOURS
OF FRIENDSHIP,
THESE SLIGHT PAGES
ARE INSCRIBED
BY THE
AUTHOR.

GEORGE M. KENNEDY, M.A., LL.D.

A HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF

AND EDUCATION

IN ONE OF HER PUREST SEMINARIES

NEW YORK

ALBANY AND MERCHANT



CITY OF LONDON

AND TO

THE UNIVERSITY AND HONOURS

OF FRIENDSHIP

THREE SEVENTH PART

ARE ISSUED

ALBANY

SKETCHES, &c.

SECTION I.

JUNE 18.

THE proposed Narrative, at its first mention, has but little to engage perusal; but travel where you will, with good humour in your possession, and an amateur sense of the beauties of Nature, you may find, in this country, scenes to enchant, if not friendships to endear.

It is one of the bounties which Providence has munificently scattered, that wherever business compels, or inclination leads, objects of new admiration rise, with crowded claims, on their recorder.

THE LAND RUMBLE to *Cowes* has been long celebrated in duteous song: The Water Voyage of some further extent, dates its origin from the present Excursion.

AT ten o'clock P. M. we were rowed down in a wherry from the Quay, to get on board the WILLIAM AND SARAH, *Henry Burton*, Master, at her moorings, about a mile below. One of the first features that presents itself to the passenger by the banks of the Medina is the winding walk of St. Cross Grove, on the west, with charming meadows on either side. The liveliness of the verdure is remarkable, as it wears the summer and winter almost without change.

NEXT is the sheltering Wood of Hurstake. Here is a convenient yard for ship-building, and was so employed for a long succession of years. There is, perhaps, no place more suited for this first purpose of mercantile service, and that the sound of the mallet, and the calking iron, is no longer heard, appears somewhat extraordinary; but may, in some degree, be owing to its not having

having the advantage of warm descriptive advertisement : Touched by the sceptre of the King of Epithets (so Christie, with well-applied humour, has been styled), probably the evil had been removed and the scene more busy than ever. The last builder was well versed in naval architecture; and the graceful and dignified manner in which his ships descended into the water, impressed admiration on the numerous and shouting spectators.

FAIRLEE, the seat of John White, Esq. lies on the opposite shore. It is a house of modern erection and certainly of proper and delightful arrangement, as it bears the name of KNOWLES for its builder.

A LITTLE below, on the Hurstake side, is the pleasing farm of Dodnor, a name of very early, but not very explicable, designation. It is surrounded by rich clumps of trees, and the well cultivated fields of arable and pasture, which it exhibits in agreeably diversified forms, afford a
good

good prospect to the eye, and invite the spectator to the praise of industry and the owner.

NEARLY vis-a-vis is a new tide-mill, erecting on a very extensive plan, and at an enormous expence; and the same adventurers propose another of more superb elevation on the Dodnor side. Schemists and speculators there ever were and will be, and though in general undertakings of great design may be promotive of the common interest, yet where monopolies are intended, and such the banks of *Thames*, as well as the *Medina*, can witness, the sooner the folly of visionary arrogance is proved, the better for those who would delude or those who may be deluded.

ON the same side (the E.) about half a mile distance, lies the Folly; humourously so called, as being the scene of high entertainment amongst the *bons vivans* of an earlier age. It was then a barge of considerable size, floating on the side of the river; but of late years, has been hauled up on the shore, and built on; the fore castle turned
into

into a neat little parlour, the stern sheets serving the purposes of a kitchen, cellar, and other requisite offices.

HERE the OYSTERICUS of Newport river resides as a publican, and at the season lines the shore with the produce of Cancalle, a bay abounding with oysters, near St. Maloes, and drags them when fattened for the island supply.

IT is to be wished that the accommodations were larger, as the situation is so delightful for amusement and prospect. The windows to the N. command a fine view of the harbour and road of Cowes. The southern stretch from the heights of Staplas to Appledurcombe, Gatcombe, and Chale,

“ O'er rich inclosures, and luxuriant fields.”

THE town of Newport above the fine curve of the river forming a fore-ground, the castle and village of Carisbrooke at a due distance, preserving their beauties on the landscape.

THE preceding week gave us a full enjoyment of this neglected situation.

THE water was receding to its lowest ebb, and afforded a good scope of employment to a group of old and young fishing gentry in various coloured garbs: Here were old females picking up cockles, with a more active train in the like steps of industry; and here and there at different angles, as if placed by the wishes of poetic fancy, several sturdy fishermen exerting their spears for eels—the riggling gentry well rewarding their toil.

These little incidents have a happy effect on the mind at a distance from corroding care. They add to its tranquillity, and yield indeed a thousand times richer entertainment to the moral and contemplative than the blaze and bustle of military parade and ostentation. I am sure it would have been a treat for a Vandervelt or an Ibbetson.

THE

THE influx of the new tide brought at this season an infinite quantity of mullet and bafe; and between the hours of fix and eight, we had feveral hawls with a feine, every time preffed by the weight, and bringing numbers on the bank, leaping like animated filver.

THE row up to Newport in the ferene evening, the water juft gilded by the moon, was delightful; and the repaft on the produce of our toil, exquisitely relifhing.

WERROW on the W. is inferted in a thick grovery and juft fhewing its gable end, its fmoaking chimney, and half a rick-yard, is picturesque. Northwood church and its cluftering farm, fucceed in a very pleafing point of view.

WHIPPINGHAM HILL has been defervedly noticed on the tablet of the mufe. It merits a descriptive poem. The author of the RUMBLE to COWES was not unmindful of its charms. The church is an object for the canvas; and

Padmore Farm, with the rectory, is in happy combination to enrich the scene.

A LITTLE way below, on a gently ascending lawn, stands a neat villa, belonging to Mr. GREEN, a West India merchant, of considerable property; and; as they say, not only a firm friend of liberty at home, but in his extensive plantations abroad, uncontaminated with the tyrant's stain—with those broad daring vices, which have lately awakened the attention, and employed the efforts, of the friends and vindicators of oppressed humanity.

KINGSTON Farm is calmly situated on the E. and the winding shore under it, enlivened with cattle grazing on the border, is beautiful.

COWES is a town of considerable extent, and being seated on an eminence gradually rising from the sea-beach, and adorned with a number of lofty buildings, yields but to few places in its appearance from the water. Till within these few years—flourishing from the American trade,
and

and crowded with shipping, the harbour was magnificent: At present, it appears too often a barren port: Some fishing and passage vessels only at this moment give an idea of employment, or cheerfulness to the view.

THE town, however, is encreasing: and, should *bathing* continue an attraction to the fashionable, as it is a remedy to the infirm, it will acquire much of elegance and profit, if the inhabitants are contented with decent acknowledgments; as the Nobility and Gentry, from every part, begin to be captivated with its admirable prospects, the purity of its water, its vicinity to the charming town of Newport, and connection with the whole *Cyprian* isle—

Where *health* upon the hills the heart regales,
And *plenty* wantons in the laughing vales,

A FAIR wind pressed us down the river, but soon chopped about and destroyed our hope of a quick passage. Health, however, was inhaled with every fresh current of air; and our cold

provisions had a *gout*, unknown in the confinement and etiquette of form.

THE mighty castle afforded some remarks on—

“Gunners, who ne’er mount a wall;

“And guns, that never fire at all.”

Hence our patriotic censures lighted on that *corruption*, we are too pure to join in; and we breathed for better times in the *melioribus annis*, which neither *we*, or our posterity will ever see.

THE castle has eleven guns nine pounders mounted in semi-circular embrasures, and has good apartments for the captain and gunners. It was built in the reign of Henry VIII.

By the west side of the fort, we see several bathing-machines on the shore. The water is here the pure, briny, unmixed element, and always suited to this salutary exercise. Nor can *Neptune* any where bestow greater advantages

tages on those who apply themselves to his luxurious unconfined dispensary.

OLD *Syphax*, the *Numidian*, endeavouring to seduce the virtue of *Juba*, and wean the Prince's affections from the lovely *Marcia*, is obliged to depreciate her charms:

" The glowing dames of Zama's royal court,
Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms;
The sun that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks."

In speaking thus handsomely of Cowes, we need no meretricious art.

We would not withhold one merit from her elder sisters; but certainly she may come forward, and put in her modest pretension—

Do unto me as you would be done unto.

SECTION II.

AFTER various evolutions we got out of the harbour at three o'clock; when the eye is entertained with a lucid groupe of nature's picturing. On the E. is Spithead, with the shore to Ryde; on the N. Calshot, the entrance of Southampton river, Luttrell's Tower, the heights of Titchfield, Portsdown; and, on the other hand, the variegated sweep from Fawley, contributes to treat us with some of the grandest *morceaus* for raptured celebration.

At this moment, the clouds, in congregated volumes and more than Alpine magnificence, claim the pencil of a Vernet to catch, ere they change, the transient sublimity of their forms; and there the collected rays of the descending sun on the cliff, have all the glow of electric agitation; while, at a little distance, the copious treasures, burst by a stroke of lightning, pour
down

down with welcome violence. It is more than five weeks since the earth has been favored with any refreshing rain.

Fancy, hast thou an exertion?

Gratitude, hast thou a feeling?

THE wind proving contrary and the tide expended, our captain represented that it was best to wait a more favorable moment; and anchoring at a little distance, we were rowed on shore at Leap—a scattered village, bordering on Fawley, and part of the New Forest. It is at this point, that the isle of Wight and the larger island are supposed, in early times, to have been connected. It has been stated by authors of remote antiquity; and modern topographers have noted many circumstances to strengthen, if not confirm, the hypothesis: particularly the reef of beach which here reaches from one side of the shore to the other, and occasions a shallow water; but the like, as the writer has been informed, is to be found from Christchurch-head to the Needles; and, again, from the wider separation of Swanage to the same point.

THERE

THERE is a house of plain inviting entertainment, called the Launch, just on the elevation from the shore. From hence we are presented with a pleasing review of the island's rich and flattering charms.

THE village of Beaulieu is finely situated on the banks of a river, of the same name, about seven miles above. In the way is Buckler's-hard;—a place which has had the honor of contributing many a ship of consequence to the British line, under the direction of the Mess. Adams, whose abilities do honour to themselves and to the nation.

FROM the door of the launch, or from its neighbouring banks, the prospect of such mighty structures gently gliding down to their destined seat of grander exhibition at Spithead, must be a glorious entertainment to the gentry and inhabitants.

FISH they take here in ample abundance, by a net, which they call a rams-horn—so named,

as Dr. Johnson would have said, from its tortuosity, or wreathed construction. They fix it on the shore, where the fish play into it and are secured :—Mullet, bafe, falmon, falmon-peel, and gorefish, are thus caught ;—the latter is excellent food, though rejected by many from offence at its green bone ; which, in fact, is only a discovery of its healthy state : they are firmer and sweeter than makarell, and by no means so satiating.

BUBB (a good name for a publican), the landlord, gave us a dish of various kinds, the fortune of the morning's collection, and in as good order as the most regular inn would have served it. If all things had been as well, we should have been highly pleased ; but this snug retreat,

Ce lieu charmant, séjour solitaire,

seemed to be infested by the demon of impoliteness. The most affronting instance of boorish rudeness was presented as a specimen of Leap complaisance. One of our party, suffering, as many do, from the ignorance or villainy of

quack dentists, wished for some new soft bread, but was refused, notwithstanding there was plenty in the house from the day's baking. It was locked up under a pretext that the trouble of procuring yeast was so great, they must reserve the bread made with it for their own use: They therefore threw down some stale ship-biscuits, and part of a hard loaf, which defied the knife, telling the master, that would find work for the old gums. Deprived thus of bread, the fish were but of little value; and that house, which had almost procured a celebration in our hasty *itinerarium*, was quitted with resentment. "If he ask for bread," says the Book, "will ye give him a stone?"—"No," would Mons. et Mad. B. reply "we would not *give* him a stone, but we would *SELL* him a rock!!!"

AFTER waiting five hours for the tide, we re-embarked at ten o'clock P. M. and for experiment of rough naval accommodation, crept into the snug apartments of the cabin. The power of sleep was propitious: We quickly
forgot

forgot the detention of the past day, and the uncouth treatment of which we complained.

AT four we rose; and, struck with the all-enlivening appearance of the sun, felt almost the powers of Persian idolatry—a pleasure which the loose and the lazy never have an eye open to enjoy.

NATURE is replete with beauty; but her grandest displays are the sun on such a morning, emerging from the tranquil ocean, and the brilliance of a winter's bespangled night.

*Un cœur passionné voit un autre univers
Que le cœur qui n'est pas sensible.*

SECTION III.

THE Stoics denied that pain was an evil. Tortured by the gout, in agonies from the stone, the lips bitten with anguish, would not open to confess the vanity of their system. The enquirer who sympathized with distress, or pretended to such humane feelings, was answered, if at all, that no evil was involved in the disorder.

ANDREW BAXTER, who wrote a discourse on the soul, and dedicated his curious metaphysical performance, from the Capuchin's garden, at Spa, to Mr. WILKES, avows that pain is a pleasure; yes, a supreme pleasure. But this relates to corporeal suffering. Mental evil cannot be denied; and under this head, some persons would bring in *disappointment* for a capital share of disquietude. I remember, says Swift, when I was a little boy, I felt a great fish at the end of my line, which I almost drew upon the ground, but it dropt in, and the cursed disappointment.

pointment vexes me to this very day—and I believe it was the type of all my future disappointments.

To many, the common rubs of life are matters of insufferable impatience.

THE slaying of a horse, more sensible than his rider, from an impracticable leap at a gate or a hedge, in the wild spur of a chace, will produce a volley of execrations. A boatman's forgetting a cloak or a basket, will render a party miserable for a passage of five leagues; or a vessel's sticking half an hour, from short water of the receding tide, when the accident has been occasioned only by the loitering of those who hired her, will throw half of them into a phrenzy fever.

Not so with us. To disappointment of nature's causing, the writer has had his *Cacoethes scribendi*, his diversion of scribbling indulged, and the opportunity of enjoying scenes at leisure,

sure, which the ordinary passage of three or four hours would never have granted.

But *Navigation* loiter'd on the tide,

To gaze on nature's charms from side to side.

THE entrance of Lymington River is marked by what they call *Jack in the Basket*, being a high pole, collared with a basket to denote the proper course for steering. From hence to the quay is three or four miles, which are often run in less than half an hour; but the turns of the river make it, with contrary winds, and the necessary tackings, sometimes very tedious: And we are indebted to Capt. URRY's care for expediting our arrival at last, as he has caused several booms to be fixed on either side of the channel, to direct the mariner from the shoals and mud. The approach to Lymington is beautiful. The east presents you with farms of sweet repose, and a chequered variety of fields, which, represented by the pencil of a Gainsborough, would form some of the first ornaments of any gallery. The town, placed on a majestic ascent, gives you an idea of consequence

quence as you enter it, and walk up its steep spacious street. The last twenty years have brushed off the dust and cobwebs with which it was formerly disgraced: handsome shops invite you on either hand, and the genius of modern improvement is no where more busy.

I should have observed, that the many salterns which we pass on the W. side of the river, shew the staple trade of the port; but we are informed that this is greatly fallen off, in extent and value: while Liverpool, from the cheapness of coals and exemption from duties, with other local advantages, rises more than an envied rival. Besides, the proprietors of Liverpool are at no expence in making of brine, but pump it at once from pits of nature's formation, and furnished as liberally as the common course of water. At present, a French ship is taking in a quantity for the coast of Guinea. It is a very valuable article on the African shore, as Mons. Beaufort, the captain, told me—*Monf. a Oui: J'ai achete, Je vous assure, un homme une femme et un garcon pour cinquantes livres de sel.* Some
 expor-

exportations of this article have been made of late to America, in ships belonging to the states. Ships are built here for merchants' service, and those of two or three hundred tons can discharge their lading at the Quay.

SIR JOHN D'OYLEY has a most elegant seat and extensive park on the E. side of the river. Wallhampton, near it, is a handsome house of Sir H. Burrard, the long sagacious conductor of the borough interest—Fixed to both sides and never *in the wrong*. While on the W. at the foot of what is called the Rope Walk Grove, your eye is struck with an apparently new villa of regular design. This was a good house at its first erection, fifty years ago, and inhabited by Captain Hawke, afterwards ennobled for his gallant exploits. It is now the residence of Mr. Walcott.

As a watering-place, Lymington assumes a pleasing and powerful competition. The baths are very commodious, and have every convenience for dressing and literary amusement; the latter

latter furnished by the good-natured duodecimo JONES, in plenty for readers of every cultivated taste. By the way, an account of Lymington, without mentioning this obliging little man and his wife, with their neat and tasty shop, would be unjust to their merit, and to those who love to while away an hour in chatty ease.

To the baths, which are situated about half a mile from the town, is a pleasing walk for early activity, as a good coach ride for the aged and invalid; gratified, besides the benefit of the watering scene, with a delightful prospect of the isle of Wight, which, as it forms the grandeur and importance of Portsmouth harbour, that security of the royal navy, here displays its inviting coast for pleasurable excursions; and particularly at this season for parties round the Needles, to view the stupendous cliffs of Freshwater, and to declare war on the immense quantity of birds, which come here in June, to breed and continue till the middle of August, to inhabit with their young progeny,
The dreadful summit of this vast sublime.

HAVE I mentioned Hurst-Castle?—it is opposite Allum-Bay, and the Light-House. Other objects of regard are amongst our supplementary addenda. Hurst-Castle is under our inspection, but the fine *salmon* from Christchurch, requires attention, and soft pure bread from the isle of Wight flour, gave us a satisfactory treat. Nor *Baughan* must thy porter and falernum of thy own importation, be forgotten.

THESE exalt the note of approbation into vigorous applause, especially when we read the triumph of justice and humanity in the Minister's declaration this day, on the subject of *African slavery*. This plan of philanthropy, if it be carried into execution, will throw every former mistake into oblivion, and extend the lustre of the present fautors of human kind, to the last period, that man can own in man a benefactor.

Let free-born hands attend the sultry toil,
And richer harvests shall adorn the soil;
The teeming earth shall mightier stores disclose,
And trade and freedom be no longer foes.

SECTION IV.

ROUSSEAU says, "*On perd tout le tems, qu'on peut mieux employer.*" In my present situation, at the Angel, without books, and risen before the family, at the same time the rain keeping one to close quarters, I hope not to fall under the censure of the philosopher if I pursue the narrative so far advanced.

LYMINGTON has many pleasant rides around it; particularly the road to Lyndhurst is delightful. The cool scenery through this well-wooded part of the Forest, is exquisitely agreeable: And the village of Lyndhurst would be one of the most enchanting situations, which poetic fancy could revel in, if water were not wanting to fill the prospect. If a river meandered through the vale, or now and then just shewed itself through the clumps of trees, with which this part of the country abounds, *Arcadia* would here be realized.

LYNDHURST is at present a favourite country retreat. Many good houses adorn the Green, and the gentlemen of the *Hampshire Hunt*, at the season of their sports, hold here the most jolly meetings, which *English* conviviality, the smoaking haunch and good old port, can assemble. It should be noted, that just at the entrance of the village, there is a seat of the late Sir P. JENNINGS CLERKE: it is a splendid stone building with wings, and surrounded with a range of good mellow lawn. And at *Brockenhurst* is a fine seat of Mr. MORANT, which commands as pleasing a view as any in the Forest. The house is magnificent, and furnished in the highest style of grandeur and good taste. The gardens are the *Frescati* of Hampshire,

BUT our Captain is waiting and we return with him. In half an hour we passed *Jack*, but the wind blowing strong from the south-east, we yielded to the whim of dining at Southampton. Forgetfulness and omissions are the blame of the most laborious Lexicographers,

JOHNSON

JOHNSON has many deficiencies, and even the plodding accurate BAILEY, the best dictionary writer ever known, except my once-generous tutor*, DANIEL SCOTT, LL. D. has omitted many articles; but this will not plead our excuse for passing by objects which offer themselves conspicuously for our tablet.

PILEWELL is a superb seat, fronting the island, about two miles E. of Lymington. It was built by Sir JAMES WORSLEY, Bart. and greatly enlarged and decorated by his nephew Sir Thomas. From him it descended to the present Sir Richard: but this gentleman preferring the shades of Appuldercombe, disposed of it, with its beautiful fields and woods, to an

* *Extinctus amabitur idem.*—He published an addition to *Stephanus's Thesaurus*; and several other works of learning and high estimation.

— O! I could build him

A monument, and plant it round with shade

Of laurel ever green and branching palm;

With all his virtues all his worth inroll'd

In copious legend, or sweet lyric song.

Eastern

Eastern Nabob, Mr. SENIOR, since which it has been re-sold to a Mr. ROBINS.

NEWTON has not passed under our pen. It is an island borough of ancient distinction, and was once rich and populous. The French possessed it many years, whence it has the name of *Francville*, and is so recited in all public acts. The French burned the town when they quitted the island. It has now only three or four houses, but the vestiges of many noble streets are to be seen, and the ivy-covered walls of half a church.

Nunc seges ubi. Traja fuit.

NEWTON offers no object to the spectator in passing, but a saltern or two, and the town-hall, where corporation entertainments are occasionally made, and the more important transactions of election, concluded.

YARMOUTH might complain if we neglected her honours. She also boasts the grandeur of a corporate state; though at present without a
single

single resident burghers. One gentleman, Mr. DEVENISH, thus dignified, retiring from business, intends to relieve so grievous a reflection. After obtaining a very large fortune from fifty years well-conducted agriculture, in the fields of Thorley, he seeks his repose of life in this healthy town;—and, by his munificent disposition, to diffuse blessings on the neighbourhood. Yarmouth has also a castle of as much use as its relations, Hurst and Calshot.

MOST of the houses offer decent gardens to the prospect, but Captain URRY's is the chief. The Captain, who is honest, frank, and social, as the summer's day; an enemy and execrator of deception, in high or low situations, has here countenanced a very innocent and pleasing one.—He has erected a wall at the foot of his garden walks towards the sea, and by means of the carpenter's and painter's arts, presents the spectator with a formidable arrangement of cannon, apparently to defend the coast. It has a fine effect on the advance to Yarmouth, and is by no means an *intended* ridicule on the *fronti*
nulla

nulla fides, the many useless constructions of ancient or modern erection.

THE present members for Yarmouth are Mr. JERVOISE, and Mr. FRANCIS, of Eastern fame. The latter succeeded Sir THOMAS RHUMBOLD, of kindred lustre. To the W. of Yarmouth, on the Freshwater side of the river *Yar*, is situated a house which has a very charming effect, lying under a fine ascent of thick back ground shrubbery and grove; it conveys the idea of united elegance and tranquillity. It was improved, if not erected, by Sir JOSEPH ANDREWS, Bart. After him, Lord CLANRICARDE possessed it, and now it is the recess of Mr. BINSTED, late solicitor to the navy.

SIR ANDREW SNAPE HAMMOND has a cottage a little to the E. on higher ground, and a pleasure house, which is often enlivened by the powers of music, and the toasts of friendship. In Captain URRY's tea-room, at the end of his sweet walks, the writer has been often charmed with the descending sun, gilding the tower
and

and town of Lymington with the glow of his lingering departure; as well as with the milder radiance of the moon. *Poesy* would add—trembling on the silver waters!

SECTION V.

OUR sailing continued pleasant, with a strong gale, and we swept by Calshot-Castle before ten o'clock. A little above are the church and village of Fawley, and on the other side (the E.) of this noble river, a new seat of Governor HORNSBY, presents a capital ornament to enquiry and admiration. I own I have not bowed my head under this roof of opulence and splendour: But report affirms it to be adorned with all the produce of oriental magnificence, and to be inhabited by all the graces of taste, and all the virtues of generosity and benevolence.

FURTHER up is the village of Hamble, containing a pretty considerable number of houses, and dignified with a handsome church. Here is a port for colliers, and other small vessels.

CADLANDS, the seat of Mr. DRUMMOND, is a pile of stately building, suited to the grandeur
of

of a royal residence. It appears through the deep woods on the W. with wondrous effect; and about two miles higher is the village of Hythe, an humble dependent on Southampton. The ruins of Nettley Abbey on the E. carry the mind backward to the solemn æra of monkish fable and superstition. KEATE has plucked decent laurels from Nettley; and the neighbouring groves of Woolston have been sung in as sweet notes as music ever breathed through her *doric* reed. Southampton has ever been a favourite with the muses, and stands high on the records of history. The gentle, mellifluous, and divine WATTS, was a native of this place. His ode to PINHORNE, his classical tutor, is almost the best of modern latin productions; and while it has much of the air of *Casimire*, excels the best performance of the Polish poet,

THE town is full of company. Many families of distinction and elegance are here for bathing. The view from the quay is highly pleasing, either up or down the spacious river: the country on each side is admirably rich with wood,

and graced by objects of grand or useful building. The confluence of visitors occasions plenty at their convenient market. But few places are so well supplied with excellent fish of all kinds, and fruit and vegetables of the choicest growth and variety. Nothing can be more pleasing, on a fine day, than to take the diversion of fishing in the river, for whiting, &c. for which parties are often formed, who carry provisions in their vessels, and voluptuously enjoy it, when the appetite is whetted by the salutary sea breeze; nor does music on the water contribute a small share to the entertainment.

SOUTHAMPTON has many elegant houses in and around it; and the shops are furnished with every thing to gratify taste, or supply necessity. Much profit must be gained here from the votaries of fashion, indulging in all the variety of her fanciful productions;

Perfumery, caps, and pins, and all the toys

Which female vanity or whim enjoys.

BUT

BUT imaginary wants are so far from being injurious to society, that, on the contrary, they are often useful, by affording employment to the indigent and the ingenious; in producing the ornaments and refinements of life. There are, as may be expected, several large inns; particularly the *Star* and *Dolphins*, in the centre of the town, are houses of superior entertainment; and the *George* and *Coach and Horses*, above Barr-Gate, have their good claims to notice.

WE might easily enlarge on the pleasures and customs of Southampton, the great extent and value of its trade, the elegance of its public rooms, describe its council-house, the antiquity of its churches, with their sculptural ornaments and devices, but we would not encroach in our volunteer exhibition, on the duties of the formal Southampton Guide.

YET, must we have one painting before we quit this agreeable place. Mr. L. from his gardens, gave us one of the richest treats which the various beauties of inanimate nature can offer

offer to the sight. You open at once on a scope of hill to the E. in amphitheatrical ascent, rich with hanging woods, or diversified with pasture land, in irregular, but agreeably varied forms: The river Itchin here and there breaking on the view from below, many charming houses of modern erection gracing the foreground, while the sweet church of St. Mary's, closing the landscape to the south, with its grassy hillocks and stony dedications of grateful memory, will long dwell on our delighted recollection.

SECTION VI.

AFTER an elegant repast at the *Star*, we determined to finish our two days voyage; and a happily disposed party accepted our invitation to the island. They enjoyed the rehearsal of the preceding narrative, which partly ensured its preservation.

ONE gentleman of great travel, and late honourable appointment, was of the social guests. He introduced a band of music, and presented us with a collation which added to the variety, though not necessity, of our entertainment; and sauntering down on the tide, made it comfortable by delay. As the gentleman I refer to was *utriusque linguæ peritus*, we had much classic conversation, and much of enlarged remark. Though long absent from England, he never lost sight of his native advantages and constitutional rights. The petitions against *African slavery* he commended;
the

the sufferings of the poor oppressed, he stated with energy, from his own afflicted observation, and with a fulness of evidence which might be no unacceptable present to GRANVILLE SHARP, and the generous committee.

WE are now at the mouth of Cowes harbour, and perceive that we have not taken into our description *Egypt*, the seat of Mr. COLLINS.—It lies upon a protruding angle, about half a mile below the Castle, and is a fine summer's residence; as it commands an extensive prospect of objects which will ever animate the heroic, or delight the milder mind. Though this gentleman has a pretty seat at *Grove*, in the interior part of the island, he is chiefly here for the purpose of accommodating the fair *Gypsies*, his amiable daughters, with their favourite water excursions; for which service he has an elegant yacht; an exquisite indulgence of pleasure, and truly a *probatum est* prescription for health.—Looking on *Egypt* brings up a tale of pathetic instruction.

LITTONA

LITTONA was a dame of haughty manners, and masculine sturdiness. She chose this situation for her ready diversion in the waves, which she combated *in nudibus*, with more than a boatswain's strength; exhibiting to the passers by, not the sweetness of THOMSON'S MUSIDORA, but the brawny shoulders and *omnia sic* of a fattened *Billingsgate*.

HER voice was thunder to her domestics, and obedience to her orders was the submission of servitude. Except a stout cudgeller from Somersetshire, converted by gracious favour into a *Maitre d'Hotel*, she seldom deigned a smile to any. Yet FANNY, from the constant attention she paid to her mistress, who could not be found fault with even by ill-humour itself, or have a blame imputed to her by scandal, as the lie would have been refuted in the speaking: FANNY, for more than four years, possessed LITTONA'S favour; at least escaped the terrific sound of her vulgar curses; nor was struck to the ground for every involuntary mistake.—

FANNY had many gifts from her mistress's ward-

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robe;

robe; and these, literally, were no small ones, as a single gown would encircle her slender figure in a three-fold wrapping. Nothing impure, dishonourable, unworthy, belonged to the meek industrious maiden. But let the suspicious tremble at the tale.—Let the rocks of *Egypt* often echo to the mournful dirge!

LITTONA was on a morning's ride in her carriage and pair (which were of good bone to draw such a weight) and missed her watch from her side. It was one of old TOMPION's make, and adorned with a rich equipage of brilliants. She returned in haste for the proud toy. Every place that could be thought of was searched for it in vain. At length she recollected to have left it in the parlour on the table, and that FANNY only was with her. She *must* have it; she insisted, and for the first time called her a jade for denying it. The trembling innocent fainted, and fell on the ground. Her pockets were searched by the rude *Somerfet*, and her boxes torn open with eager haste—but *no watch appeared*. Some remarks on her mistress's goodness

goodness were found in a little ivory pocket book, which she had given her to insert accidental expences. At length recovering a moment, and protesting her innocence, the ungoverned virago pulled her from her kneeling, called her an impudent hypocrite, and pushed her with violence out of the house,

IN the inexpressible confusion of her tortured mind, FANNY ran with unusual rapidity, the back way to the cliff, and threw herself into the sea!

It was near an hour before Madam knew the least return of temper, or asked for the injured girl, who had now expired in the waves; *an innocent victim to anger and suspicion.* She had opened her escritoir to write a note for her re-admission; but, as she was about to give it to the butler, behold the corps of FANNY was bringing up the field by some astonished fishermen, who had taken it from the shore; her fine figure mangled by beating of a strong sea against the rocks. What a heart-

affecting catastrophe!—Guard ye females, and all who wear the form of humanity, from the murders suspicion!—The watch was found by LITTONA, of her own private locking up, three days afterwards. The scene then became horrible to reflection. She could bathe no more; no more could she walk in the gardens of *Egypt*. She sought for quiet many hundred miles in the north; and, though contrary to the maxim, *Cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt*, it is hoped, that she has changed her mind and manners; that repentance has melted her into softness: And, if report be true, such reform has taken place; for that would tell us, that she has settled upon a sister of FANNY, and her five children a handsome support, and put two of her brother's sons apprentices to profitable trades.

Who can refrain, nor drop a tender tear

Of feeling sympathy on FANNY's bier?

SECTION VII.

CUPIAS *ne placuisse nimis*, says MARTIAL, and we would not overcharge our drawings.— But certainly in our descriptive page it should be noted, that there is an East, as well as West, Cowes; that there was once, on the extreme point of land, now called Old Castle Point, a castle, in counterpart to that on the western side of the Medina:—That two or three farms on the hills, and the skirting shrubbery, are cool and delightful objects, and beautifully disposed. They remind one of the sweet lines of Sir WM. TEMPLE, in his poem—*The approach to England*.

Thy pleasing thickets, and thy shady groves,
Only relieve the heats, and cover loves;
Shelt'ring no other thefts or cruelties,
But those of killing or beguiling eyes.
Though bordering on the turn of COWLEY,
these verses have *just* as well as fine fancy.

A SPACIOUS well-built house, the property of Alderman MACAULAY, comes forward on the
view.

view. And on this side of the river, lies the custom-house. To some persons it may not be an unpleasing information, that here is a new-built meeting-house, for protestant dissenters, where the preacher possesses great public abilities, with great liberality of sentiment.

THE passage from Southampton is often effected, with a strong breeze, in an hour and a half; but it is more than four since we were treated with Mr. SMITH's bow, and quitted Mr. BAKER's shop of fashionable reading and intelligence; not ill-exchanged for the delightful long rooms of HARRINGTON or SIMMES. At the former we found a gentleman and lady, who, being perfectly well bred, admitted us at once to share its prospects. It was the day of their first entrée at Cowes, and they were charmed with every object around them. Indeed nature was very gracious.—From the Royal Hospital, at Haslar, to the point of Warsash, the whole opposite shore, an extent of near fifteen miles, is in the compass of your survey. Several large ships also graced the road,

road, and on the foreground numerous parties rowing on shore, or leaving it in boats, rendered the scene very busy and very amusing.

It will not be amiss to mention to those who are unacquainted with this little marine excursion, that it is always free from danger.

Fools only throw about firebrands, and say they are in sport. Some there are who delight in forgeries of fires by land, or raise tempests by sea; to affright by tales of danger which never existed, or of injuries which were never sustained. Such inventions some of our prints seem fond to insert, as of unnatural parturitions; which blaspheme the DEITY, by a misrepresentation of his delightful works. It were to be wished, perhaps, that nature gave us more frequent returns of the *vent frais*. The brief temporary sickness, occasioned by the roughness of the passage, is more salutary than all the emotions produced by the *ars medica*; the appetite is ready for the first refreshment on landing,

landing, and the tales of emulating heroism and friendly triumph are diverting.

BUT, in general, at this season, a party may sail over in the smallest pleasure yacht, or beauty may be rowed down with as much calmness, if not so much grandeur, as CLEOPATRA on the silver Cydnus.

A THREE quarters of an hour carried us over the excellent forest road to Newport, and here our journal might conclude, but gratitude and affection forbid it.

THE place of our outset, and native attachment, demands the respectful attention of a few minutes. To pay a just tribute to this metropolis of *Vesta*, and its environs, would require the exertion of a good pen, in the hour of good temper and inspiring fancy.

THE number and neatness of its houses and inhabitants, the regularity of its streets, the
establishment

establishment of its schools, and the dimensions of their rooms, with a variety of minuter articles, have been stated with gazetteer exactness: And Mr. STURCH, in his *View of the Island*, which has much merit, has given some stretch to the outlines, and some glow to the colouring.

BUT many new articles arise for future editions.—The very handsome pavement effected under the authority of parliament—the clearing away those vulgar nuisances which were long suffered to disgrace so fair a town—the great improvement of the inns—the establishment of a beautiful and well-conducted theatre—and a variety of other embellishments—may adorn the narrative of its attractions.

IT is remarkable how much arises on so slender a plan, for the engagement of the pencil. But, as Lord STORMONT phrases it, "*many notices come here,*" and they call us with others to observe, that the termination of every street in Newport rewards the eye with an admirable

G

richness,

richness, or milder break of the *rus in urbe*, the enchanting rural prospect.——This remained for our opening: For instance, High-street to the west is calculated to charm by a beautiful arrangement of country. Before us, the castle, in stately ruins, covering the gentle, but noble eminence, of Carisbrooke hill. On the E. the sloping divisions of White-Pit and Mount-Joy, verdant, fallow, or embrowned in the appointed successions of cultivation, the elegant ancient tower and village of Carisbrooke, in sweet assemblage of building; the heights of Gallibury and Alvington downs, with the mansion-house and grove, and a considerable section of the Forest, in agreeable contrast, unite to confirm this description. The E. is generous: After pleasing us on either side with a long continuance of tasty shops and genteel houses; amongst which the bank of the Messrs. KIRKPATRICKS, and their adjoining possessions, the most *indubitable* evidences of the happy effects of respectable and long continued industry, form very conspicuous ornaments.

Yov

You have over the stone bridge at foot, the neat little mansion and refreshing shrubbery of Mr. HASKOLL, a grove of aspiring elms; and beyond these, and through their delightful vistas, a favouring indulgence of russet hill, and a chequered variety of inclosures.

As you pass the bridge on the south, the visitor is gratified with a sheet of water on the flowing tide, or of a stream of fresh water making its way from a mill, between orchards and gardens, with a good house in front, of modern erection, belonging to the MESSRS. SHARPS, which have been often the subject of pastoral song.

PYLE-STREET has its many honours of this acknowledgment, as well as houses of neatness and elegance, of which that of Mr. ROGERS, lately improved, deserves a polite mention.— Quay-street, below its ample scope of walk, presents you with the river, with small vessels and barges in their several employments; and at this moment with haymakers on its border,

ing meadows.—St. JAMES'S-STREET gives the steep ascent of Honey-Hill, enriched with a full view of St. Cross Grove and water.—The neglected South-Street has an extensive reach of similar entertainment, and the others possess their appropriated beauties.

BUT to give a full recreation to the flattered fancy (besides the walk by the river at full tide, the Mall towards Carisbrooke Castle by the several mill-ponds, Honey-Hill, and the road to Staplers), I would take a friend, without fear of losing one moment of his satisfaction, over Pan-bridge, by the charming farm of BUCKLE'S, ascend the sweep of hill by the marl-pit, turn him on the summit to the N. or N. W. a basin of gemmy beauty reflects every thing which imagination can call for, in a vast groupe of finished landscape. The town of Newport is displayed in the finest order; the river winding from the quay downwards, spreading to its junction with the solent; The invitations of either Cowes are before us; and on the W. the eye secures Pylewell, Lymington, and other parts of

of the county of Hants.—Then changing a little to the S. Ruffel's-down, with its thicker umbrage, Chillerton covered with sheep, the stately mansion-house of Gatcomb, and the still more pleasing parsonage—Godshill church, and the prouder height of Appledurcombe, graced by its obelisk, Chale with its druid temple, and if we may so express it, the land canal between in inemulative distribution, are overpowering on the transported mind. Treats, though rich, should not cloy, and I am not for long landscapes, any more than for long prayers.

It should have been noted at the beginning of our little work, that Newport, on the east and west sides, is happily watered by plentiful streams; the one rising at the farthest foot of the southern hills; the other commencing its course at Rayner's grove, about three miles from the town. They form their union, with a gentle undulation, at the quay; and have several corn-mills of considerable value and employment on either. Carisbrooke river affords many pleasing traditionary accounts: If the
tales

tales are fictitious and legendary, the sterling merit of the water would atone for a thousand relations of fancy.

THE delicate refreshments of Newport, are chiefly furnished from an unfailing spring, which issues from a bank at entering Carisbrooke village; and fully rivals for its coolness, and pellucid purity, the urns of St. Lawrence or St. Boniface so famed, at the back of the island.

AN instance of its beneficial efficacy, merits our attention:—A child of the writer's had a complaint in his right eye, which was pronounced by the most learned of the faculty, to be a *fistula lacrymalis*:—Every lotion had been hurtful, and medicine of no avail.

A CHIRURGICAL operation was determined on, but this would be precarious in its effect, and torturing in its process. Maternal tenderness suspended the attempt. The boy being brought to Newport, it was recommended to try this clear cool water only, and in less than
a fortnight

a fortnight the complaint was entirely removed, and the eye restored to its natural strength and brilliance.

THE Right Hon. Sir RICHARD WORSLEY's friend, and other panegyrists of nature's richest perfections, have dipped their pens in the standish of OVID, if not borrowed the lyre of ANACREON, *quæ solos amores canit*, when paying court to the females of the island,

• Of beauty's heaven, which shines the milky way.

BEAUTY has here its exquisite triumph. The market and gala days of Newport have often detained the stranger's eye, in a tumult of amazement. *Here* all is simple nature, with the meekest pretensions of neatness and humility, rosy with health, and smiling from goodness: while *there*, art is proud to contribute her unneeded decorations to the finished forms of superior life.

It may be here noticed, that *inoculation* is the conservatrix of the female face divine.—

Every

Every favoured fair, unless spoiled by affectation, or robbed by poisonous cosmetics, retains the full grace of nature's designation; and the contest on mount IDA was easier decided than it would be on the plains of VECTA, or its neighbouring borders.

EVERY one who has seen Versailles, may recollect in the *Bosquet Dauphin*, the figure of *Pastoral Poetry*, represented as a sprightly shepherdess, crowned with field flowers, by GRANIER. The ladies of high rank proclaimed it unnatural, as it exceeded their charms. GRANIER had been here an imitator:

But not the works of nature or of art,

Equal the moral picture where the will

Is consonant with truth, where graces dwell

Of mental excellence.

I QUOTE these lines from a long manuscript poem, written many years ago, and reserved, with other efforts of the same fancy, for publication, perhaps, to some period after the writer's

writer's decease; when he will have escaped the stings of envious abuse, and be unhurt by the tortures of designing or disgusting flattery:—

THE bard of the Leasowes has a fine passage to the same import:

“ ——— Fair *truth*, immortal maid,

“ *Friendship* in artless guise array'd;

“ *Honour* and *moral beauty* shine

“ With most attractive charms, with radiance most divine.”

HAPPY the country, wherever it is placed, which possesses the humane and social virtues—where integrity rules, and benevolence expands the heart—where industry is active, and doubts not its rewards—where distress is known only to be relieved—where the inhabitants concur in every scheme for mutual prosperity—and, as one of the finest traits of moral description, where *Bigotry*, with her accursed frowns, is

H

not

not known to harass, or to reprobate; where *Toleration* extends her gratulating hand without distinction of sect or party; and still more, where a sense of equal right in matters of religion, as in civil life, is fully recognized and enjoyed.

Veritas et pax, et amor per omnes

Ambulet vicos, scelus omne castâ

Exulet urbe.

C.

Let truth, and peace, and guileless love prevail,
Guard every town, and found thro' every vale,

TOLERATION.

TOLERATION.

SINCE the Sketches were written, a *Roman Catholic Chapel* has been erected, and opened for public devotion, at the expence, and under the patronage, of Mrs. HENEAGE—the Lady HUNTINGDON of her profession. Her pious exertions are animated by as lively and perhaps as pure a zeal as that of the right honourable patroness of the Methodists:—but their effects, it is presumed, will not be so extensive. Two or three converts only, are as yet obtained by a profusion of bounty, and other winning encouragements. *Curiosity*, a most operative instigatress, draws many, it is true, to attend the novel exhibition:—and the decent behaviour, and composed subservience of the spectators of the *vision*, are demonstrable evidences of the enlarged and peaceful dispositions which were represented as prevailing in religious concerns.

THE chapel is formed to the prettiest accommodation of female finery, connected with the *simplex munditiis*, and regular order of workmanship. It is one of the most charming places where the voice of rational eloquence might be heard to advantage, by four or five hundred attendants on the instruction.

WE reflect on no party, as we are slaves to no system; and therefore stay our account with saying, that it has a very handsome altar-piece, a neat and well-toned organ, and that the *tout ensemble* within, of the Ionic order, with the Doric portico at its entrance, does much credit to the liberality of the foundress, and the ability of the architect.

The following LINES, which were a moment's tribute of the Author to Theatrical merit, and the emancipation of excellent performers, were spoken by Mr. COLLINS, with his accustomed energy, at the opening of the House*, in the Year 1788.

“THEY are vagabonds no more,” *High Justice* §
says,

The humble actors of selected plays ;
They hold the mirror up to bless the mind,
And justly picturing, would amend mankind ;
For this the mimic arts their toils engage,
Happy if *all* would act well off the stage ;
Then soft *Humanity* would melt the heart,
And *Freedom* blessings to a world impart ;
Avarice and party would their pleas forego,
And just designs meet no obstructing foe.
Yes, as the drama's mighty pow'rs controul
Way-ward excess, or fire the aspiring soul ;
Rancour's black breast would feel her scorpion sting,
And *Folly* flying, with an hastier wing.
But not to hold you in a *five hours* speech,
Which our inferior court can never reach,

* Theatre, page 49.

§ Lord Thurlow.

Let exultation on this night proclaim,
 By truth and honour lives the actor's name,
 Our *gratitude* exults, and we appeal,
 In her bright hope, to each and all who feel ;
 Our exultation from pure springs we draw,
 The lucid founts of liberty and law ;
 Proud exultation, as with candour's ear,
 You own our cause, on VECTA's THEATRE,

These Papers being presented to the Public in the time of HARVEST, the following LINES are subjoined at the particular request of a LADY, whose wishes and whose goodness it is an honour to obey.—There cannot be a more delightful entertainment, than to trace the fields when ripe for the sickle, to view the progress of the well-cherished labourers, and join the song at the festive conclusion.—This piece was given some years since to the lamented author of the Blossoms of Helicon, and inserted as a mark of respect in that work. Mr. GARRICK often read it with the greatest peculiar to himself.

THE HARVEST.

ANOTHER morn of *Autūmn's* fav'rite list,
 Adorns the world—now *labour* well employ'd
 Divests the rich fields of their golden robes;
 Or hand in hand with *plenty* sings high praise
 To him, the *God of Harvest*; by whose laws
 Nature preserves her beauty, and bestows
 Her copious blessings to sustain and cheer.
 I catch the grand theme, and with you, ye bards,

Whose

Whose notes sincerity alone inspires,
 Beneath yon spreading oak tree, or beside
 That murm'ring stream, attune my vocal lyre,
 To laud the *God of Harvest*. Hail! all hail!
 Thou wondrous author of the beauteous scene!
 Thou infinite, allwise! Let ev'ry morn
 Wake with our songs of gratitude, each eve
 Be sweet and peaceful with the pious strain.
 What! tho' rough labour's still incessant arm
 The fat glebe turn, and o'er the furrows cast
 The germinating seed, while *hope* looks on,
 And counts on future increase—'Tis not his
 To *promise*, but *depend*; depend on *Thee*,
 Who giv'st the soil fertility, who giv'st
 The swift descending show'r, the gentle dew,
 Or winter's fleecy snow; prolific all,
 All friendly;—who, nor ceasing to be kind,
 Bid'st the bright *eye of day* with warmer beams
 Of love to sparkle, and prevail on earth
 To yield up all her treasures. Now the earth
 Is joyous all around. Nor noxious blights
 Ravaged the springing blade; nor furious storms
 Affright th' ingatherer; while with eager hand
 He grasps the sickle, binds the golden sheaves,
 Or piles the groaning carriage for the barn,
 Attended shouting!—Happier, lovelier scene,
 And

And sweeter music far, than from the mouth
Of deep-mix'd trump, as move the victor train,
Is heard. Destruction that, but this pure peace,
And social good the echoing air proclaims.

LET pray'r be join'd with praise—while thus we
sing,

The *present* for the *future* we implore ;
Still beneficiaries on the hand divine.
Still may the earth its genial pow'rs retain,
Nutritive, as newly in its lap we trust,
The precious charge undoubting—that each ridge
Soon may retrieve its verdure, and delight
The grateful prospect into future time,
And wake with fresh notes the recording lyre.
Yet, oh ! ye mortals ! tho' the song be just,
Be duteous—that of favours here below
Repeats the worth—the glory—Nobler good
For man's appointed : nobler gifts adorn
The hand of mercy : for immortals food ;
Bread of eternal life ! by JESUS brought.
Himself the bread, his gospel and his love.
Nor is requir'd this heav'nly sustenance
Ought less to strengthen, to support the soul,
And fit it for its course ætherial, *this*,
Than are the pure air, the refreshing stream,
Or produce of the grateful bearing ground,

For animal existence—Hither, then,
 Ye lords of thousand acres ! hither, come,
 With the long tribe to rural toil inur'd,
 With the poor gleaners and their little race,
 Who gather slender handfuls ; to a share
 Of heav'nly bliss as large intitled, come,
 In deep humility unite your strain.
 And, oh ! my soul, I charge it still on thee,
 By all thy pow'rs, thy num'rous pleading wants,
 Thy large desires, by every privilege,
 Mark'd on the *book of promise*—by that hope
 Supreme, that gilds thy solitary hours ;
 What time thou hold'st from mortal bus'ness free
 Oft mental converse ; and adoring hymn'st
 Eternal Providence—'tis thine to sing
 " The *God of Harvest* is the *God of Grace*."

FINIS.



